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on many things in our store which we want to close out before taking account of stock.

25 per cent. discount on Fine Dress Patterns.

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Carpets To Reduce Stock.

Best Extra Super, All Wool, 53c
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Good All Wool, extra super, 49c
Extra Good Moquette Rug, 3 ft. by 6 ft. 3.50

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If you would have a clear, fine complexion use one of the

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an excellent tonic for the skin, found at HALL'S DRUG STORE.

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OF

LADIES'

WRAPPERS.

ALSO

READY-MADE

Overskirts in

Novelties.

G. P. BEAN, Corner Church and Main Streets.

LOCAL NEWS
—The Latest, too.
Lots of it—in every issue of the News. Send a copy to your friends—3 months, 35c, 6 months, 65c, 1 year, \$1.25.

The Bethel News.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF BETHEL AND SURROUNDING TOWNS.

\$1.25 Per Year, in advance.

BETHEL, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 4, 1899.

Vol. IV. No. 32.

Town Topics.

WHAT OUR PEOPLE ARE DOING. ITEMS OF INTEREST PICKED UP ABOUT TOWN.

"A City That Is Set on a Hill Cannot Be Hid."

Mrs. John Yates has been ill the past week.

Mrs. F. S. Chandler has returned from Norway.

Mrs. Chas. Hart is at home from Bennington, Vt.

Water pipes are telling sad stories about the weather.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. R. Chapman were in Lewiston, Saturday.

Miss Ethel Stone of Portland, is visiting at C. M. Wormell's.

W. J. Wheeler of South Paris, was in town last Wednesday.

Mrs. Francis Stone now occupies her house on Chapman street.

Misses Mary and Edith Douglass were in Lewiston last week.

Mrs. Elvira Jordan has returned from a prolonged visit at Waterville.

The Ladies' Club will meet with Mrs. E. Whitney, Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Emery returned from their wedding trip, last Saturday.

Dr. Henry Johnson and Mr. Ezra Cross of Berlin, N. H., were in town Saturday.

Merle Holt and Harry Hobson, who attended the Academy last year, were visitors in town last week.

Paul Ames and family of New York, have been visiting Mr. Ames' parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Ames.

George H. Swan and Nathan A. Stearns have been drawn traverse jurors for the February term of court.

Ellery Powers of Newry, and W. C. Bryant of Bethel, left for Portland, Monday, to attend the Shaw Business College.

Maj. and Mrs. B. F. Bradbury are en route from Porto Rico, and are expected to arrive in Bethel the last of this week.

Hon. Eben Kilborn, representative-elect, went to Augusta last Monday to be present at the opening of the legislative session today.

M. C. Foster of Waterville, was in town last week, when many warm greetings were extended to him. Mr. Foster and son are among the first contractors and builders in the State.

Mrs. Balentine of Middle Intervale, received news of her husband's death, last Saturday, which occurred at Augusta. Mrs. Balentine went to Bingham, Monday, where the remains were interred.

On account of the prevailing epidemic, it was thought best to close school at the Academy for the present week; two of the teachers, Mr. Hanscom and Miss Purinton are sick, while out of the seventy-five pupils enrolled, only about thirty assembled at the school building, Monday morning.

The friends of Dr. L. B. Hayden, who resided among us for a short time, the past fall, are much pained to learn of the death of Miss Helen M. Parkie of Slatersville, R. I., the young lady to whom Dr. Hayden was engaged. Dr. Hayden went to Rhode Island, three weeks ago, called there by Miss Parkie's illness of typhoid fever.

Those of our people who were able to attend the second of the course of lectures, given at the Congregational church last Friday evening, by Dr. Butler of Colby College, were amply repaid for venturing out on the slippery streets. Dr. Butler has won for himself an enviable reputation, and this lecture, "College Ideal and National Life," will no doubt be remembered by the students when making plans for future life, as it was instructive, helpful, and elevating. This course is a treat for Bethel's people as Maine's best speakers are brought in our midst for us to see and hear. Let it be well patronized.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Sent for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Our customers are delighted with our \$1.00 fountain pen.

Have you seen the Gould Academy souvenir stationery at the News office?

We can give a good reliable girl a situation at the News office. Fair education is required.

Harold S. Hastings, a student of the Boston University Law School, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Hastings.

There were no services at the Congregational church, last Sunday, owing to the illness of the pastor, Rev. Arthur Varley.

A young son of Potter Littlehale of Magalloway, who is visiting at Isiah Coburn's, broke his hip, while sliding on Mill Hill, last week.

Mr. Archer Grover has been to Baltimore, Md., as delegate from the "Kappa Sigma Fraternity," to the national convention which met there, Dec. 29-30.

The whistle of the chair factory was a welcome sound Tuesday morning. With the new building completed, the company begins the year with favorable prospects.

Mrs. A. E. Parlin and two children of So. Framingham, Mass., have been in town the past week, visiting her father and sister. They returned home Tuesday.

The Bethel friends of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Chapman of Gorham, N. H., will be pained to learn of the recent death of their only child, Earle. The funeral services were held Monday at Gorham.

A. C. Farwell of York Beach, spent a few days last week, with his brother, R. E. L. Farwell. Mr. Farwell is well-known in Bethel as this is his native place. He is in the grocery business at York Beach.

Percy Bartlett concluded his services for E. C. Rowe, Dec. 31, and Geo. Blake of Oxford, takes his place. Mr. Bartlett has been with Mr. Rowe for the past three years and has proven himself a young man of sterling worth.

The annual reunion of the students of "The Shaw Business College" will take place at the college rooms in Portland, Saturday evening, January 7. All former students, and their wives or husbands, are cordially invited to be present.

The grip has a decided grip upon our citizens. We thought to give a list of those who are its victims, but such a list would include a large per cent. of our townspeople. Nearly every family is afflicted, while in many cases there are not well ones enough to care for the sick; for example, the Holmes family, consisting of Mrs. Holmes and eight boys were all sick at one time. Fortunately it is of a light form—we doubt if its victims will corroborate the preceding statement—and perhaps a better one would be, no cases have proved fatal.

Edward King has got out an investment book which is having a ready sale among our people. The plan is as follows: He sells the book which contains 5 tickets for 75 cents, and the purchaser sells the five tickets, thus getting his 75 cents back. Each person buying a ticket takes it to King's store and by paying 75 cents gets an investment book and when the five tickets are presented at his store, the party who sold the tickets gets silverware or any other goods kept by King, to the value of \$3.50. The scheme is this, by selling a book for 75 cents and selling the tickets to parties who will go and do likewise, you get \$3.50 worth of goods absolutely free. These books have been having a good run all over New England the past fall and winter, and will doubtless have a good run here.

School Entertainment.

The scholars of the Flat school under the instruction of Miss Ellen Douglas, carried out a most entertaining programme, Friday of last week, which was as follows:

Christmas Quotations. School Song, "Snow Flakes," Grace Kendall and Alice Mills.

A Christmas Carol. Alice Carver. The Rain Drop's Ride, Lewis McAllister. Santa Claus and the Mouse, Alice Mills. Gifts for the Pets, Emma Carver, Ivan McAllister and Mabel Walker.

Two Little Stockings. Grace Kendall. Golden Keys. John Rowe. A Letter to Santa Claus. Mina Tyler. A Little Boy's Opinion, Ivan McAllister. A Little School Ma'am, Gladys Morrill. Christmas in the Air, Clyde Walker. Emma's Dolls. Emma Carver. A Leak in the Dyke. Clarence Tyler. Santa Claus on the Train, Elva Kendall. Song, "Welcome Santa Claus," Alice Mills, Mina Tyler, Elva and Grace Kendall.

While the last song was being sung, Santa Claus (Ivan McAllister) entered and distributed many presents for the teacher and pupils.

The programme ended by the wishing of Merry Christmas to all.

At Christmas Time.

BY ADDIE KENDALL MASON.

When the Christmas days are waning, In a land beyond the seas; When the twelfth night candles glisten, Then they burn the Christmas trees.

And the children gather round them, By the fireplace, huge and deep; Listening to the Yule-tide stories, As the shadows dance and leap.

While above them gleams the holly Bound with wreaths of mistletoe; Hung for happy lads and lassies, In the Christmas fire's glow.

'Tis a custom long remembered, And observed each Christmas time, Thus to burn the withered branches, At the twelfth night's peaceful chime.

And so far, no one has ever Tried to stop this happy play Of the children and the old folks, In that land so far away.

Now, I hope that people never— In their quest of gain and gold, Will forget this pretty pastime, Fought down from days of old.

And here in our own New England, Full of "clubs" and old "blue laws," Make the children "men" and "women" But do leave us Santa Claus.

West Bethel, Dec. 30, 1898.

THE SABBATH BREAKER.

BY ALFRED C. GLE.

John Pembroke was something of a character in Winstead. He was a sturdy, prosperous farmer of good intelligence and strict integrity, and his farm was one of the finest in town. Not only was the soil fertile, but it was always well cultivated, and neatness and convenience characterized his buildings. He had a noble wife and two children, and his home had more than the ordinary sunshine of life.

But with all John's favorable qualities, he had gained the unsavory reputation of being a Sabbath-breaker, which effectively barred him from the highest social circles of church-going Winstead, and made him a marked man in the community, where his shortcomings were often the subject of gossip. The elders gravely shook their heads over it, and the boys and girls prattled about it; and every near-comer heard all about John Pembroke's ways as soon as any of the neighborhood affairs were canvassed.

A kinder husband and father could nowhere be found. He never placed any restrictions on the religious freedom of his family. His wife and children were constant attendants at church and Sabbath-school, but John studiously avoided all religious societies and church-going, and spent his Sabbaths at home.

"It is passing strange," remarked Deacon Pidgeon, "that old Deacon Pembroke's only son, who had such strict religious training, should take to such ungodly ways."

True it was that John was the son of a deacon who had been revered as a church pillar of rigidity. The apostle Paul was not trained, when a youth, in a straighter religious sect than was the youth of John in the most rigid code of Orthodoxy. And herein lay the secret of his infidelity to his paternal teachings. When he was a child, he always felt as if he were in a straight-jacket, against which the freedom of his soul rebelled. His path was marked out for him with rigid exactness, and the Sabbath was a day to be dreaded. As a boy he could not laugh, sing nor exhibit any lightheartedness without an admonition of their sinfulness, and for the warm, genial sunshine of humanity, that his naturally buoyant nature craved, he was given a stone of coldness. He could not understand why the birds should sing for gladness, the flowers should unfold their bright colors, and all the world seem full of cheer, and mankind alone should suppress the joyousness of nature, even though it might be church-day.

And so, as he grew older, he came to almost hate the Sabbath and its sacred associations so overcast with gloom. When he attained his majority, he also mentally declared his religious emancipation and went to the other extreme, scepticism, and so he gradually grew into the way of making the Sabbath a sort of clearance day, spending it in doing odd jobs about the farm and buildings. If the carriages were to be put away for the winter or put together in the spring; if there were a move of hay to be moved from one part of the barn to another, the work was always done on Sunday. He would stroll out over his farm, and whatever his eye fell upon that needed to be done about the fences or else, where he was sure to attend to it; and he became so habituated to these practices that, while his Sundays were less wearisome than week days, his time was nearly all occupied in a general way.

Naturally, all this caused his

good wife unhappiness, for she was a woman who enjoyed the social relations of the church, and she often felt humiliated and sorrowful for the example of the father before her children. She had reasoned with John once or twice, but, while hearing her respectfully and kindly, he informed her that she and the children were at liberty to patronize the church as much as they pleased, but he had had enough of it in his youthful days to last a lifetime, and so the matter was dropped.

Thus John became notorious throughout the community as a "Sabbath-breaker." His case was seriously considered by the church brethren and reasoned upon by the constituted legal authorities. At length matters came to an unexpected crisis. Little Charlie came home from school one day, full of anger and crying bitterly. He and his playmates had had differences, and Johnny Elwell had twitted him of being the son of a Sabbath-breaker.

This touched John to the quick, and his indignation was fully roused. His darling son should not be disgraced by a son of Joe Elwell, who in his younger days had dalt in counterfeit money. He immediately sought Elwell, and finally told him he must teach his children better manners.

Elwell better replied that his boy had only told the truth, and no one but himself was to blame for it.

John's conscience told him that this was only too true, but he was too angry to heed the inward monitor.

"I never teach my boy," said he, "to twit other boys of their fathers' sins; if I did, what might he not say to your boy of you, though now you are a pillar of the church?"

This quarrel spread over the neighborhood like wild-fire; and it resulted in the arrest of John on complaint of Mr. Elwell for Sabbath-breaking; and all the people said amen; for if reason would not stop John from disgracing the Sabbath, it was high time the law was enforced.

John went properly to court, but the trial never took place. Some of the cooler heads counseled Elwell to withdraw his complaint, as John's wife would be made to suffer, and it would be a wiser plan to severely admonish him. This was accordingly done, and John went home with a heart full of bitterness.

For several weeks after this affair little else was talked about in Winstead. All agreed that something must be done to wean John from his evil ways. He must be labored with; but few cared for the mission; for John was no easy man to combat in argument. Finally it was decided that Parson Day should visit John and see what influence could be brought to bear upon him.

A week later the pastor sought John in his field. John readily divined the object of his coming. He greeted him cordially and listened respectfully to his long lecture on his besetting sin of disgracing the Sabbath.

"You remember," the parson said, "it is a direct command of God to keep the day holy, and they who disobey his commandments will be utterly cut off."

"I should not want to make the fear of punishment or the hope of reward an incentive to reform," John replied; "for that would indicate an insincerity of motive."

"Mr. Pembroke," continued the parson, "I am told that your father was a godly man; why do you depart from the narrow way in which he directed your youthful feet?"

"I do not wish," replied John, "to be irreverent to that which is good, whether within church or without, neither to the memory of my father; but, Parson Day, I tell you frankly that rather than have my children walk in the desert ways of my youth, I would see them spend their Sundays hunting and fishing, for I believe it would be better for them in after years."

"This is blasphemy!" exclaimed the parson. "Your sins are upon your own head," and strode abruptly away and reported to his waiting friends that John was too hardened for repentance.

Six months after the above interview, John had filled his barn with a bountiful harvest, and the long evenings of early winter were made cheerful about his hearthstone.

One evening, as he laid down his newspaper, his wife said, "John, did you know they had settled a new minister in place of Mr. Day?"

"No. Who is it? Another of the same stamp I suppose?"

"I don't know about that, John. His name is Morton. He has been here two weeks, and comes highly recommended."

"I presume I shall hear from him," mused John, as he recalled the many admonitory visits he had received. "Of course the new man had been told all about him; but let him come, the sooner the better."

As if in response to his mental challenge, there was a knock at the door, and the new minister was ushered in. He was a man of middle age, of pleasing manners, with an air of frankness about him, that favorably impressed both John and his wife, and the trio soon drifted into a pleasant and animated conversation with the ease of old acquaintances.

"As I have come to dwell here awhile," the visitor said, "I want to know all the people here. I met Mrs. Pembroke at church, and having a little spare time this evening, I thought I would run over and make your acquaintance, Mr. Pembroke."

There was no lull in the conversation, and before John was aware of it an hour had passed, and the visitor departed, promising to call again soon, and cordially inviting John and his wife to be neighbors at the parsonage.

After the minister had gone, John resumed his paper, but instead of reading he fell to thinking.

A pleasant-mannered man he thought, and so different from the ministers who had preceded him. He had made no allusion to his not attending church, said nothing about his soul, nor asked to pray for him, as had been the custom of others, and he had taken pains to come to make his acquaintance, while others had passed him coldly by and looked at him askance.

All this passed through John's mind as he sat thinking. But he was not quite ready to give unlimited credit to the disinterestedness in the motives of the minister. Perhaps he was paving the way for a vigorous attack; and these thoughts roused John's deep-rooted prejudices. One morning he met him as he was passing the parsonage. The minister invited him in to see his library.

"They tell me," he said, "that you are quite a reader. Perhaps I may have something to interest you."

John could frame no excuse for not accepting the invitation, and followed the minister into his study, where he found a library that in extent and variety, exceeded anything he had ever seen.

"Your books are not all on theology," remarked John.

"Oh, no; the world has many channels of good, through which humanity runs, no one of them would delineate the whole."

Somewhat the two drifted toward religious matters, but the minister's discussions were of a general nature. John was beginning to feel uncomfortable because no personal allusions were made to himself. He had always been the object of attack, and it was a new sensation to converse with a minister who did not apply his clerical rod. He would open the subject himself.

"Mr. Morton, I suppose you have heard all about me and my Sabbath-breaking?"

"I have heard it mentioned," the minister mildly replied, "but I don't always follow up what I hear. Are you a Sabbath-breaker?"

The suddenness of the question almost unbalanced John, but, recovering himself, he replied: "Yes, Mr. Morton, I suppose I am. But where is your authority for the Sabbath of the church being the right day?"

"I have no authority, and claim none; for me it matters not, so long as we all unite in keeping one day in seven, and whichever day that may be, it must become hallowed with pleasant and sacred associations. Aside from the divine command to do all our work in six days and rest upon the seventh, human experience has, in all ages of the world, proved the custom to be an excellent one, essential alike to our bodily and mental health, and communities that most respectfully observe it, are the most attractive places of residence. As this custom has for ages proved so good, and is accepted by the Christian world of to-day, why should any person object to it? If bad influences grew out of this observance, then there would be some reason in change."

"Perhaps you are right," John replied, "but to me the popular associations of the Sabbath have always been gloomy."

"They should not be. The day should be one of rest and peace, not of sobriety and depression, but a day of cheer and of turning our thoughts to sacred subjects, and above and beyond the ways of earthly gain—a day of friendly greeting and hand-shaking—a day on which should be proclaimed

HELP
W. A. Herrick 10m. 97
Can be quickly secured by an Ad in the Bethel News. If you can't come in, use the mails.

A RAILWAY CONFERENCE.

Western Officials Give an Unqualified Denial to the Report That They Had Charged the Grand Trunk with Disloyalty to Them.

An important conference of railway officials took place at the Windsor hotel yesterday, when a number of railway men from the United States, met the officials of the C. P. R. and Grand Trunk, for the purpose of adjusting a number of matters, some action in reference to which was necessitated by the recent re-arrangement regarding traffic by the G. T. R. and C. P. R. upon the termination of the rate troubles between these two lines. All the details dealt with were of a technical character and having been satisfactorily arranged most to the visiting railway men left for different points in the United States, last night.

Several of the Western officials gave an unqualified denial to the report that their lines had charged the Grand Trunk with disloyalty in connection with the recent resumption of traffic relations with the C. P. R. A Star reporter in the course of an interview with three of the leading Western officials, Messrs. P. S. Eustis, general passenger agent of the Burlington system; A. F. Merrill, assistant general ticket agent of the Milwaukee system; and J. W. Lee, representing Mr. (aldwell, the chairman of the Western Passenger Association, was informed that the recent newspaper reports that the Western lines were charging the Grand Trunk system with disloyalty, were entirely unfounded, that there was not now nor had been at any time, any lack of confidence in the pleasant relations heretofore existing between the Grand Trunk and the Western lines, and the amiable settlement of grievances between the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Pacific had their full approval.

The reports arose out of the fact that by the new arrangement with the C. P. R., considerable western traffic originating on the G. T. R. is now handed over to the C. P. R. at North Bay, instead of being handed over to the western roads at Chicago.

The gentlemen present at yesterday's conference were: Messrs. P. S. Eustis, G. P. A. Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railway; A. F. Merrill, A. G. T. A., Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway; T. W. Lee, statistical bureau, Western Passenger Association, Chicago; L. W. Nutting, general eastern passenger agent, Southern Pacific Railway, New York; D. McNicoll, P. T. M., Canadian Pacific Railway; C. E. E. Usher, G. P. A., Canadian Pacific; W. E. Davis, G. P. A., Grand Trunk—Montreal Daily Star, Dec. 14, 1898.

Certain morning papers have been trying to make it appear that the Grand Trunk has gone back on its western connections in the agreement it has reached with the American roads. By their misrepresentations of the actual facts, they have done the Grand Trunk a gross injustice, which none deplore more deeply than its western connections. The arrangements made by the Grand Trunk with the Canadian Pacific is one which is considered entirely reasonable by its Chicago-St. Paul connections. It is one they expected it to make if any agreement with the Canadian Pacific was reached, and since it has been reached, the Congratulatory themselves that there is now some hope of them securing stable rates, which are of far more consequence to them than any business of which they may be deprived by the Grand Trunk-Canadian Pacific agreement—Chicago Evening Post, Nov. 30, 1898.

How to Prevent Pneumonia.

You are perhaps aware that pneumonia always results from a cold or from an attack of la grippe. During the epidemic of la grippe a few years ago when so many cases resulted in pneumonia, it was observed that the attack was never followed by that disease when Chamberlain's Cough Remedy was used. It counteracts any tendency of a cold or la grippe to result in that dangerous disease. It is the best remedy in the world for bad colds and la grippe. Every bottle warranted. For sale by G. E. Wiley, Bethel, and W. H. Crockett, Locke's Mills.

A gentleman was surprised to see his little daughter bring home from the Sunday-school library a grave treatise on "Back-sliding."

"My child," said he, "this is too old for you, you can't make anything for it." "I know it, papa," was the reply, "I thought I could when I took it; I thought it would teach me how to slide backward."

Educate Your Bowels With Chamberlain's Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. No. 25c. If C. C. C. fails, druggists refund money.

Grand Closing-Out Sale of WINTER GARMENTS....

Mens \$12.00 Overcoats,	@ \$9.00
" 10.00 "	@ 8.00
" 7.50 "	@ 6.00
" 5.00 "	@ 4.37
" 10.00 Ulsters,	@ 8.00
" 5.00 "	@ 4.37
Young Men's \$10.00 Overcoats,	@ 8.00
" " 8.50 "	@ 7.00
" " 6.50 "	@ 5.00
" " 3.50 "	@ 2.75

Great Reduction on everything in the Clothing line. A few Ladies', Misses' and Children's —JACKETS— left, at prices to suit the Customer—prices no object. We have too many SHAWLS, will close them out also, at prices to suit.

All we ask is for you to come in, and if you want any of the above goods, we can trade.

Yours respectfully,
L. B. Andrews,
(Successor to C. W. Bowker & Co.)
SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.
Only two minutes walk from G. T. R. depot.

WE HAVE OPENED OUR NEW LINE OF Christmas Goods.

Ladies' Handkerchiefs from 5c to \$1.25 each.
Gents' Handkerchiefs from 5c to 50c each.
Mufflers, Ladies' and Gents', from 25c to \$2.50.
Towels, Damask, Huck, and Turkish, from 5c to \$1.25 each, both hemstitched and fringed.
Napkins and Table Damask.
Fancy Pin Cushions and Head-rests.
Ladies' and Children's Fascinators, Hoods, Crocheted Capes and Shawls.
Chenille Table Covers and Curtains.
Fancy Booklets.
Gloves, cashmere, woolen, kid, mocha and fleece-lined.
Mittens, fleece-lined kid, woolen and silk.
Aprons, a large assortment of fancy aprons, from 12c to \$1.25 each.
Pocket-Books, Boston Bags and Hand-Satchels.
All kinds of Silk, Ribbons and Push Balls for Fancy Work.

Merritt Welch,
NORWAY, ME.

E. E. WHITNEY & CO.
BETHEL, ME.
Marble & Granite Workers.

Chaste Designs. First-Class workmanship. Letters of inquiry promptly answered. See our work. Get our prices. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
E. E. WHITNEY & CO.

WISCONSIN CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS
Best Cough Syrup, Throat Lozenges, etc.
In time. Sold by druggists.

THE BETHEL NEWS,

PUBLISHED WEDNESDAY BY
NEWS PUBLISHING CO.,

Cole Block, - Bethel, Maine.
E. C. BOWLER, - Editor.

Entered at the Bethel post office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 4, 1899.

Our legislators are now in session at Augusta.

We are grateful to Commissioner S. W. Matthews for the twelfth annual report of the Bureau of Industrial and Labor Statistics for the State of Maine.

Congressman Dingley is critically ill at his apartments at the Hamilton House in Washington, D. C. His illness dates from last Wednesday, when he had an attack of grip which has developed into pneumonia.

The last tie is severed and Cuba is now free from Spanish rule. The island passed into the charge of the United States last Sunday afternoon when the stars and stripes were greeted with cheers and the booming of guns.

Of course it would be useless to think of having a New England winter without having the coldest day for a score of years. We have no recollections of such a winter in the past, neither is this one an exception, for we note the familiar head-lines in Monday's dailies, "The Coldest Day for Years."

Last fall the News tried to urge upon the teachers the advisability of taking the state teachers' examination. Several saw the advantage to be derived and were present and took the examination; they had a long and in many respects, a hard day's work, but it was not all for naught. To-day, J. S. Hutchins, Miss Mattie Gibson and Miss Cora Farwell hold State certificates. They are not only henceforth excused from taking further examinations before local committees, but such certificates give them that precedence among the teachers of the State which can but prove of positive and calculable value to them.

Obituary.

Died in Redmond, Vernon Co., Wis., Dec. 13, Mrs. Abigail Drake Bean, aged 71 yrs. 4 mos. 19 days. Mrs. Bean was the daughter of Chandler and Charlotte A. Dustin, and was born in Bethel, Aug. 24, 1827. On June 17, 1852, she was married to Dr. David Ames Bean and soon after moved to Wisconsin where they have since lived, the greater part of the time residing in Redmond. By New England economy and close attention to business, they had gathered a snug little fortune, owning much real estate and personal property in and around Redmond. Dr. Bean has retired from his medical practice, spending what time ill health will permit, to his financial affairs. For several years Mrs. Bean has been in poor health; she was a friend to the poor, and those needing help were sure to receive it from her kindly and generous hands.

She leaves, beside her aged husband, four sons: Clarence Orin Bean of Tacoma, Wash.; John Harry Bean of Retreat, Wis.; Theron Woodman Bean, Chicago, Ill.; and Fred Porter Bean, Retreat, Wis., also a brother, John S. Dustin of Retreat, Wis., and two sisters, Mrs. Zilpha Heywood of Millin, N. H., and Alline Wilson, Berlin Falls, N. H., besides relatives in Bethel, Me.

Peter S. Bean.

You Should Know

What Hood's Sarsaparilla has the power to do for those who have impure and impoverished blood. It makes the blood rich and pure, and cures scrofula, salt rheum, dyspepsia, catarrh, rheumatism, nervousness. If you are troubled with any ailment caused or promoted by impure blood, take Hood's Sarsaparilla at once.

HOOD'S PILLS are prompt and efficient, easy to take, easy to operate.

As in Her Youth

She is Kept in Good Health by Hood's Sarsaparilla

A Woman's Experience with This Great Medicine.

"I have had Hood's Sarsaparilla in my family for many years and have been kept in good health by its use. A few years ago I had a heart trouble and I was advised not to work too hard, as it was a critical period in my life. It was impossible as I was not able to hire my work done. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and it kept me in good health all through this period. I was able to do my household business running a sewing machine, as I did in my younger days. Whenever I got to feeling tired and languid and cannot sleep at night I get a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and it does me good. My son had erysipelas and was weak and without appetite. After taking Hood's Pills he was well and able to work every day."

Mrs. ALMIDA HILL, Lyman, Maine.
Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient and easy to take. 25 cents.

LOCAL NEWS.

Business is brisk on the Grand Trunk.

Dr. F. N. Barker of Norway, was in town, Sunday.

Mr. Bickford of Berlin, N. H., was in town to-day.

Miss Grace Farwell a student at the Academy has the mumps.

Mr. A. G. Prentiss of Saco, was the guest of Mrs. Alice Farwell, Monday.

Mrs. Wilfred Bowler returned from a visit to friends in Lincoln county, Monday.

Ceylon Rowe took Eddie Bartlett to Portland yesterday to have his eyes treated by Dr. Spaulding.

Mr. Milton Penley has so far recovered from his illness as to resume his duties at his market.

Mr. Leslie Masco of Portland was in town, Saturday. He made a trip to Andover returning to Bethel, Monday.

When you are nervous and sleepless, take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It makes the nerves strong and gives refreshing sleep.

The Volunteer Hose company presented Hilton Mystery to a good sized audience at South Paris, last Thursday evening.

The following are the officers of the Y. P. S. C. for the ensuing six months: Pres., Mrs. Arthur Varley; Vice Pres., Miss Alice Chamberlain; Sec., Miss Daisy Dixon; Treas., Miss Anna Carlson.

The next lecture of the course will be given Jan. 16, by Rev. R. T. Hack of Portland. This lecture, "The Kind of Men Demanded by the Times" can but be of interest to each and every one of our citizens.

The annual meeting of the stock holders of the Bethel Daying company will be held at the lock-up next Saturday at 2 o'clock for the purpose of electing officers and transacting any other business that may arise.

Muriel, little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ellery C. Park, who was scalded last week by upsetting a dish of hot milk on her neck and chest, has been critically ill since from the effects of the scald combined with the gripple.

The christian people of Bethel and vicinity are urgently requested to observe this week of prayer by special prayer and consecration at their homes and to join in the public services. Monday and Tuesday evenings services were held at the Congregational church; to-night they are to be at the same church, subject, The New Life Principle: Its Test; Romans 8:9; Thursday evening at the Universalist church, subject, Results in the Individual: Son-ship and its Fruits. Romans 8:14; Friday evening, Universalist church, subject, The Triumphs of the New Life Principle through Love; Romans 8:35-39. All are welcome to the services which begin at 7:30.

TO CURE RHEUMATISM.

How to Diet to Lessen the Twinges of Rheumatism.

Hearty, frequent, well chosen meals and much bustling about in the open air are absolute essentials to a cure. The prime cause of rheumatism is indigestion, and, though you may eat prodigious meals, if your stomach does not assimilate what is given it, you are quite as poorly nourished as the man who gets but a crust a day.

As to what you can and cannot eat here is the rule. Of meats you can eat yourself heavy, dark fish. Under this head is itemized mutton, venison, goose and anything that is out of a pig. Devote yourself to chicken, lamb, game, sweetbreads, brains and at long intervals, they are best abjured and water and milk substituted. In the last ten years mineral waters have been consumed in enormous quantities by rheumatism in the belief that they afforded special aid, and they are efficacious, chiefly, though, from the fact that they are very pure, and that the use of them induces a patient to imbibe an unusual quantity of sweet cleansing liquid.

Any pure water, taken at the rate of two or three quarts a day, has an equal salutary effect on the system. It must be pure, however, and filtered if there are any doubts about its cleanliness. This liquid, taken slowly, in small tumblers, and for the most part between meals, will largely serve the purpose of mineral water. Not more than a tumblerful is wholesome at each meal, and it is best not to take the water just immediately after eating or before going on getting into bed.—Chicago Record.

How to Broil Salt Codfish.

It is possible, use the whole fish, cutting to use. Skin the fish and put in cold water at breakfast time. When time to broil, take from the cold water and turn a teakettle of boiling water over it. Then wipe dry and place over the range. When brown, turn and brown on the other side. Slip from broiler and turn over a cup of hot cream and a dust of pepper.

Volcano Islands.

Since the beginning of this century no less than 53 volcano islands have risen out of the sea. Nineteen of that number have since disappeared and ten are now inhabited.

Our Young Readers.

Uncle Aleck's Present.

"It was very inconsiderate of Aleck," Mrs. Allison frowned.

"Hear his letter: 'They were such a pretty family, I couldn't separate them. Then I remembered your five boys. It's just a fit. The youngsters'll be delighted! Now, Maggie, give your harum-scarum brother credit for his thoughtfulness! Thoughtfulness, indeed! I wish the letter had come before that mysterious hammer was opened, but now the children have seen them.'"

Mr. Allison I quibbled. "It's a big joke, considering Aleck's seriousness."

"You may laugh, but five boys under your feet, and five pugs added, are too much."

"Yet, my dear, you wouldn't do without the boys."

"Oh, no," and the frown smoothed away. "We'll see this evening."

"One for each of us. Hurrah!"

Five boys—the eldest eleven, the youngest four, with a pair of twins between. The pugs were all twins.

Mr. Allison hadn't thought all day for nothing.

"My dears," she said, "if we have a great deal of one thing, and others have nothing, what should we do?"

"Give one away," they cried.

"Thank you; I knew you would say so. Does Jimmy Lawrence or Albert Dyer or Harrison Hastings own a dog?"

"No-o, mamma."

"Well, mamma has been thinking. She knows her boys will enjoy two pugs much better than five. Five are too many; you'd tire of them. Then you can make three boys happy, who haven't any dogs. I won't force you. You shall vote on it, just as if you were men. Here are five slips of paper and a pencil. Talk it over. Whoever decides to keep them all may put a figure five on the paper; but he who votes to give away three, may put on the figure two. I'll come in fifteen minutes."

Wise woman! She didn't allow them time to have two mines.

"Time's up! I'll count the votes. Papa, you act as inspector."

And lo! on every paper was the figure two!

Next morning there were eight happy boys.—Selected.

A Pretty Good Bad Boy.

A good many years ago now, a small, bare-legged boy set out from his home in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, for an afternoon's sport with a gun. He tramped along, as boys will, with his eyes wide open for everything that came under them, as well as for the game that was the special object of his expedition, and he had not gone far when he saw a chaise approaching, driven by the governor of the State.

The governor was a very popular and distinguished man, who was being talked of for the presidency, and we should not have liked the small boy if he had not been a little overawed by finding himself alone in the presence of so august a personage. He was equal to the occasion, however, and as the chaise reached him, he stood aside to let it pass and gravely presented arms. The governor at once pulled up his horse and looked with amusement at the little fellow standing there as serious as a sentry, with his gun held rigidly before him.

"What is your name?" asked the governor.

"—," replied the boy, with a military salute.

He was invited into the chaise, and though he lost his shooting, what was that in comparison with the distinction of riding into Portsmouth Town with Governor Woodbury?

This was fifty years ago, and since then this boy has earned a place among the foremost of American authors by a series of books, some in prose and some in verse, which are distinguished by the purity of their tone, the refinement of their style, and the picturesqueness of their invention. One of them is called "The Story of a Bad Boy," and except that some of the names of persons and places are changed, it is so faithful a picture of the author's boyhood that it might be called an autobiography.

Who can tell the name of this author?

Dear Children—

We publish this week a little sketch for your perusal. Will you kindly find the name of the subject and write us a neat, nice letter and tell us who it is? The evenings are long and cold and you can spend one of them pleasantly and profitably, we believe, in doing this. We would like four or five letters from our young friends for next week's issue. How many will write? While we wait letters from the children in Oxford County, letters from those far away are always welcome and interesting to our home children. Let us make letters a feature of our column during the coming year. Who comes first with a quotation, a pretty little poem or a conundrum?

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. To quit tobacco easily and forever, be sure to get, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

SAVED FOUR HUNDRED.

The Beautiful Story of the Sacrifice of a Little Boy. It is a beautiful story told by Lafcadio Hearn of an old man whose great deed belongs to Japanese history. He was Hamaguchi, and his farmhouse stood on the verge of a small plateau overlooking the bay. The plateau, mostly devoted to rice culture, was hemmed in on three sides by thickly wooded summits, and from the outer verge the land sloped down to the sea. Below the plateau, the village of Hamaguchi, these composed the village. One autumn evening Hamaguchi Gohai was looking down from his balcony on the preparations for some merry-making in the hamlet below. All the villagers were out, and he would have gone with them had he not been feeling less strong than usual.

Suddenly there came an earthquake shock, not a very strong one, but Hamaguchi, who had felt many before this, thought there was something odd in its long, spongy motion. As the quaking ceased, he chanced to look toward the sea, and there, in the far distance, a possible sight. It seemed to be running away from the land.

Apparently the whole village had noticed it, for the people stood still in amazement, and Hamaguchi drew any conclusions from the phenomenon and guessed what the sea would do next. He called his little grandson, a lad of 10, the only one of the family left with him.

"Tada! Quick! Light me a torch!" The child kindled a pine torch, and the old man hurried with it to the fields, where hundreds of rice stacks stood ready for transportation. One by one he lighted them in haste, and there came a light, sending skyward masses of smoke that met and mingled in one cloudy whirl. Tada, astonished and terrified by the sight of his grandfather, weeping, calling, "Why? why? why?"

Hamaguchi did not answer. He thought only of 400 lives in peril. He watched for the people, and in a moment the village was swarming up from the village like ants.

And still the sea was fleeing toward the horizon. The first party of succor arrived, a score of agile young peasants, who wanted to attack the fire at once, but Hamaguchi, stretching out both his arms, stopped them.

"Let it burn, lads!" he commanded. "Let it be. I want the whole village here."

The whole village came, mothers and children last of all, drawn by concern and curiosity.

"Grandfather is mad. I am afraid of him," sobbed little Tada. "He set fire to the rice on the hill. I saw him do it."

"As for the rice," said Hamaguchi, "the child tells the truth. I set fire to it. Are all the people here?"

"All are here," was the answer. "But we cannot understand this thing."

"See!" cried the old man at the top of his voice, pointing to the open. "Say if I be mad!"

It was the returning sea, towering like a cliff and coming swiftly toward the village. There was a shock, heavier than thunder, as the colossal swell smote the shore with a foam burst like a blaze of sea lightning.

Then a white horror of sea waved over the village itself. It drew back, roaring and tearing out the land as it went. Twice, thrice, five times it struck and ebbed, each time with lesser surges, and the people returned to their houses and said there, although still, raging. Of all the homes about the bay, nothing remained but two straw roofs tossed madly in the offing. All lips were dumb until Hamaguchi observed gently: "That was why I set fire to the rice."

He was now poor as the poorest in all the village, but he had saved 400 lives.—Youth's Companion.

The Repentant.

When the baby excavates. The child who has been so naughty. Scholar—It means to hollow out. Teacher—Construct a sentence in which the word is properly used. Scholar—The baby excavates when it gets hurt.

Among the Large Assortment of

HOLIDAY GOODS

to be found at

WILEY'S DRUG STORE

are

Christmas Cards and Novelties,

Bibles, Books, Booklets,

Diaries, Writing Desks,

Writing Tablets, Ink Stands,

Gold Pens and Pencils,

Photo Albums,

Scrap Albums, Pocket Books,

Wallets, Purse, Sterling Silver

Novels, Pictures,

Photograph Frames, Glove

and Handkerchief Boxes,

Necktie Cases, Collar

and Cuff Boxes,

Treveling Cases,

Manicure Sets, Comb, Brush and

Mirror Sets, Combination Sets,

Atomizers, Fine Perfumes,

Toilet Articles, Cigar Stands

and Cases, Pipes,

Smokers' Sets, Dolls,

Toys, Games, Sleds, etc.

The Sabbath Breaker.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

the love—not the anger—of a kind Father, with cheerful songs of praise.

I believe, my friend, that your nature is adapted to all these associations, but you stumble over the logical technicalities and old-time church regime and the right theories of those who substitute traditional creeds for the Christian religion and go about with an air of 'I am more holy than thou.' But we need not accept such persons as exponents of religion, though they may be prominent in church affairs. Their motives may be good, but they are simply sticklers for the doctrinal atmosphere of their own religious training. But the Christian pathway is so well defined that we need not stumble over their examples, if we guide our own footsteps rightly. If they are in the wrong, the world of progress will soon leave them far behind. It is for us to go forward, not halt and stumble in the light of religious freedom, but recognize the universal brotherhood of men and the loving kindness of a Heavenly Father."

Thus the minister discoursed earnestly to John for a long time, and when the latter went home he was in a very subdued frame of mind. He was vanquished. His hitherto invincibility had been brought to naught. He had barely reached the skirmishing line of his anticipated encounter with the minister before his arguments were turned aside by a new method of warfare, that turned his swords into ploughshares and his spears into pruning hooks.

Though there was humiliation in his discomfiture, yet he confessed to himself an increased respect for the minister.

He became thoughtful, and his wife noted the change, and she noted to her surprise that when Sunday came, John simply did the chores and abstained from all other work. But a still greater surprise awaited her the second Sunday. John accompanied his wife to church where he became the cynosure of all eyes. Every one looked at his neighbor knowingly; but John went through the ordeal sturdily. He had been under concern of mind for a fortnight, and had decided to change his manner of life. He proposed to keep his own counsel and work out his own salvation.

Five years have passed since the above events happened. John is now a leading member of the church and its most substantial supporter. His Sabbaths are no longer irksome, and he is grateful for the change in his own life. Whereas he was once blind he now sees, not after the manner of his former admonishers, but through the influence that began to pervade the church soon after the coming of Mr. Morton. But in making this radical change the church has met him half way, and an observer of events in Winstead would say that the greater change had been in the latter.

Under the ministrations of Mr. Morton a generous warmth has gradually invaded the community and softened the rigidity of the former days. True, a few of the older people shake their heads ominously over the "new-fangled notions," but they cannot resist the current of progress that bears upon its tide a broader faith and a nobler charity for humanity.

"Mother, what is an angel?" "An angel? Well, an angel is a child that flies." "But, mother, why does papa call my governess an angel?" "Well," explained the mother, after a moment's pause, she is going to immediately."

Paper Hanging by Machinery.

The successful operation of paper hanging by machine is one of the latest achievements of mechanical ingenuity, says the Workman. The arrangement employed for this purpose is provided with a rod, upon which the roll of paper is placed, and a paste receptacle with a brushing convenience is attached in such a manner that the paste is applied automatically on the back of the paper. The end of the wall paper is fixed at the bottom of the wall, and the implement rises on the wall in such a manner as only to require that it be set by one workman. While the wall paper unrolls and, provided with paste, is held flat against the wall, an elastic roller follows on the outside, which presses it firmly and with exact smoothness to the wall. The final and completing operation is when the wall paper reaches the top—the workman now pulling a cord, whereby it is cut off from the remainder of the roll.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. \$1. All druggists.

YES READY.

We are ready for you with the largest line of

RICH HOLIDAY GOODS

to be found in Oxford County. It's impossible to describe our line. You must see for yourself to appreciate the appropriate presents we offer. Watches, Clocks, Jewelry of every description. Solid Silver and Plated ware in endless variety. Spectacles and Eyeglasses, Cameras and Photo Supplies. You will find this a safe place to trade, the most for your money here, and what you buy will be just as represented. People of Bethel and vicinity can more than save care by coming to Norway. Our goods are all marked in plain figures. Goods so marked it's impossible to ask more during the Holidays (which is often the case in blind marking) than at other times. Look out for blind selling prices. You will save money and have "A Merry Christmas" if you buy your gifts at

VIVIAN W. HILLS,

NORWAY, MAINE.

The only Practical Graduate Optician in Oxford County.

NEW OPERA HOUSE BLOCK.

Open every evening. Mail orders will receive prompt attention.

COFFEE!

The famous BUNKER HILL BRAND (of which I am sole dealer in town.) Price, 35c per lb.

COFFEE!

The HATCHE BRAND of a First-class Coffee for 35c.

COFFEE!

The WONDER BRAND, a good Coffee for 25c.

Also a full and complete line of

CHOICE FRUIT, GROCERIES, CANNED GOODS, Etc.

AGENT FOR NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE.

ORDER TEAM RUNS TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY.

H. M. Farwell the Grocer

MAIN STREET.

COTTON FARMING.

New Methods and a Shifting of the Belt Westward.

Cotton farming is probably as primitive as any other branch of agriculture, says the New York Sun. The system in the south is just changing. Capital, science and brains are revolutionizing the industry. The shifting of the cotton belt from the east to the west of the Mississippi is of no greater importance than the new methods of culture which are being adopted. New and superior plants are being developed through selection and intensive cultivation. The old, half farming system is being replaced by large plantations, systematically organized and conducted, and they will produce more cotton to the acre and at less outlay than the one horse, unsystematic farms of the shiftless, careless negroes.

For long time the contention was made by intelligent growers that an ignorant, shiftless dork or white man could raise as much cotton to the acre as a skilled, scientific agronomist, but this could hardly be true, even though it required little intelligence to raise the plants. In the light of recent developments the folly of it is made apparent to all. The cotton planter with new seed, new machinery and new methods of culture increases the yield in a way that threatens the one horse farms with ruin.

It is believed that the United States will always be able to control the cotton trade of the world, and if our land was properly farmed we could easily run other countries out of the market. But the old cotton patches of the shift-



LIMBLESS COTTON.

less farmers must improve or disappear. Other cotton countries stand ready to increase their cotton crop upon the slightest provocation. It was the war of the rebellion that made Egypt a cotton growing country of importance. When the war closed our cotton ports to England, the khedive of Egypt put out immense cotton plantations, and between 1861 and 1865 the crop of Egyptian cotton increased over 400 per cent. This sudden discovery of the country's possibilities has worked injury to our cotton industry ever since. Not only does Egypt supply a good deal of the demand of the world for cotton, but we import some 100,000 bales a year ourselves.

India has taken a similar start in cotton growing, and it only needs some opportune moment to stimulate it to a wonderful development. A war that would interfere with our cotton growing or a sharp decrease in our cotton acreage so that prices would advance a few cents a pound would be followed in India and Egypt by a doubling or tripling of the acreage. The advantage thus gained would require years to overcome. How low cotton can go and yet prove profitable is a problem that the future must decide. With a new stimulation in our far eastern relations it may soon be found that 5 cent and even 4 cent cotton will prove a great boon to the south, and incidentally to the country.

How IT IS DONE

In the old dasher churn the cream was pounded leisurely for one or two hours, until the globules containing the butter were broken.

By a system of gathering we are enabled to agitate the cream a thousand times more than the old dasher churn. This agitation at once breaks the minute globules and the butter comes at once to the top, gathered in a solid mass.

